

Newport Mercury
Published every SATURDAY
F. A. PRATT & CO.
AT CORNER OF
Market sq. & Thamon street.
TERMS.—\$3.00 per annum; or
\$1.75 if paid strictly in advance.
Advertisements inserted at one
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Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

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the option of the publishers.
Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT, WM. MESSER

Volume 104. NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861. Number 5,361.

Poetry.

LINES

Written more than thirty years ago, in view of
the consequences of American Slavery, by Pa-
tience Howland, of Dartmouth.

Muse of sorrow, touch the string,
Strike thy bold prophetic note,
Tell me whence those troubles spring
Which in future visions float.

Had not avarice crossed the main,
Blind and mad with thirst for gold,
Human flesh on freedom's plains
Never had been bought or sold.

Happy had thy country been,
Happy should thy children be,
If foul deeds of shame and sin
Had not stained her history.

Then had the name of Washington,
A reproachless trophy raised,
And the star of freedom shone
Brighter as it longer blazed.

Now a black, tremendous cloud,
Threatens vengeance wide and far,
It shall burst in thunders loud,
Deluging your fields with war.

Even now in motion are the feet
Which that awful field shall tread,
And the hearts already beat
Which may on that altar bleed.

Lo! before my vision stand,
Spectres of the ghastly dead,
While the genius of the land
Dimly weaves the mourning weed.

Pale her cheek and dim her eye,
Brooding o'er her destiny,
Yet her conscious blushes rise
At the name of liberty.

Freedom's bards, ye chant in vain,
Caroling her praises round,
In your chorus clanks the chain,
Groans are mingled with the sound.

Yes—nor shall the laurels live
Which ye twine for freedom's brow;
You've obtained—but do you give?
Suffering thousands answer, no!

Who shall wipe the tears away
Which from bleeding mercy flow?
Who the enormous debt shall pay
Which to Africa's blood ye owe?

By the bitter tears ye weep
From the mother's drooping soul,
By affliction's tortured sting,
When the father's bowels roll.

By the murmurs which ascend
In the tortured culprit's groan,
By the prayers of weeping friends,
As they rise before the throne.

By the justice of our God,
By his never-ending way,
By his sure sin-chastening rod,
You or yours the debt shall pay.

When the work of sin is ripe,
Injured justice calls aloud,
Groom for groan, and stripe for stripe,
Blood shall be repaid in blood.

Sudden horror dims my sight,
Starting at the view I take,
Grant repentance, Lord of Light,
Spare us for thy mercy sake.

Selected Tale.

THE TRAITOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. S. PERKINS.

It was a gay winter in Philadelphia for the
tory families of wealth and distinction,
when the British army had possession of
that city, during our revolution. Many of
the officers were men of talent and address
and the belles and beauties of the city ren-
dered the homage which woman ever yields
to true manliness and courage. Andre was
there with his humorous poems, his fanciful
sentiments, and his interesting love history,
the petted favorite in ladies' bowers as
in the camp of war.

Among the young ladies of the city, was
one whom all regarded with admiration,
whose graceful manners and peerless love-
liness were the theme of every tongue.—
This was Miss Shippen, a daughter of a
gentleman of intelligence and distinction,
afterward the wife of Benedict Arnold.—
Little did she imagine during that festive
season, when her name was a toast among
the gallant young officers, that that name
would ever be linked with disgrace and in-
famy. And no dreams came to her of the
dark future in reserve for her. Hers was
the lightest step in the dance, and her
laugh rang out as clear as the ripple of a
mountain streamlet.

The time came for the departure of the
British from Philadelphia, and Miss Ship-
pen bade adieu to a crowd of admirers, with
scarcely a sigh of regret. Soon afterward
she became acquainted with Arnold whose
fame was then unsullied, whose name was
then justly honored throughout the coun-
try for the heroic services he had rendered
in times of pressing danger. During his
command of Philadelphia the succeeding
winter, he sought to win her for his own;
and like a true gentleman he first obtained
permission of her father to pay his address-
es. His request was willingly granted,
and the wooing went on amid parties and
brilliant entertainments, of which Arnold
seemed at that time so fond. His coach
and four were at her service, and the cost-
liest and most extravagant presents were
laid at her feet. This, too, at a time when
he was deeply in debt and the country poor,
wasted by a long war, and it is not sur-
prising that murmurs began to float in the
air that all was not right.

Arnold heard these complaints and loud-
ly demanded a settlement of his accounts
by his country, that he deemed ungrateful
for the gallant services he had rendered
her in times of deepest peril. At one time
he feared that Miss Shippen might be alien-
ated from him by these accusations, and
he wrote her that it was the work of his
enemies and would not harm him in the
least. His fears in regard to her proved
groundless. He had won her heart, and,
as love is blind, she saw no defects in her
brave young officer she had chosen. Her
brilliant imagination threw around him a
halo of glory, and she wondered that oth-
ers should not appreciate him as he deserv-
ed. Her knight—her hero—her beloved
Arnold—why should his enemies seek to
bring him down to their own degraded level?
These were her thoughts as she re-
solved to walk fearlessly by his side
through future life. Alas for woman's
trust! What a sad awakening will be hers
when she finds that she has worshipped an
idol! And what bitter tears will bedew
her pillow, when she finds that that heart
in which she reposed so confidently, has
not only betrayed her trust, but proved re-
creant to every throb of manly duty and honor.

Spring threw her warm breath over the
earth—sending ten thousand streamlets
laughing on their way, and clothing the
earth in richest green, and decked it with
violets, and recalled the robin from the
South, when Arnold led the accomplished
Miss Shippen to the altar. The marriage
vow—for better or for worse—was calmly
spoken, amid the pomp and festivities
worthy of an officer's bride. Many who
saw them, and admired the beautiful bride,
remembered her afterwards as a fair vision
that had crossed their pathway, and sin-
cerely pitied her when serpents hissed be-
fore her, and she was obliged to wear
through life the name of her traitor hus-
band.

Not long were the happy pair permitted
to enjoy unmolested the romance of wed-
ded bliss. Creditors were clamorous for
their dues, and the fertile brain of Arnold
became busy for bettering his fortunes.—
How could he secure gold for the present
necessities. How could he maintain the
splendid style of living he had adopted.—
His head seemed turned by the vain mag-
nificence he had created around him. He
forgot his humble parentage, the almost
incredible hardships he had endured a
few years before in the forests of Maine,
the sufferings of a wounded soldier; and
dazzled by the vanities of earth he bar-
tered a soldier's birthright and a courag-
eous heart for another mess of pottage.—
He spurned the idea of long years of in-
dustry and economy. Riches must come
suddenly. The golden stream must be
quick and violent.

At one time he thought of going out as
a privateer, and secure to himself the treas-
ures of the enemy. But one idea after an-
other was dismissed, until Judas-like, the
devil entered into him, and he secretly
opened a treasonable correspondence with
the enemy.

It was sometime before Sir Henry Clin-
ton, then at New York, ascertained who
was the author of the anonymous epistles
he was receiving. And even when he
learned the name and rank of the writer,
he was wary of his offer, as Arnold held no
important post to bring with him to their
ranks.

Then the designing man bent all his en-
ergies to obtain the command of West
Point. Washington obtained it for him,
without the least suspicion of the ingrati-
tude that lurked in his heart. It seems to
me a decided proof that there was some-
good in Arnold, that Washington trusted
him. He did not love him as he loved
Hamilton and Henry Lee, but he regarded
him as a courageous man, who had been
wounded in his country's service, and he
deemed his reckless extravagance his worst
fault.

Washington departed from his head-
quarters to transact important business at
Hartford, and Arnold's time had come.—
Andre came up the river and held a pri-
vate conference with him, to consummate
the hellish bargain. Every one is familiar
with the capture of this handsome young
officer on his return to New York and his
melancholy fate. The traitor's plan did
not succeed as was anticipated. Wash-
ington returned two days sooner than was
expected, and disconcerted everything. Ar-
nold received word that Washington and
Lafayette, Knox and Hamilton would
breakfast with him in the morning. How
could he look into the face of the com-
mander-in-chief with his plans all arranged
for giving West Point into the hands of
the enemy! We can imagine his uneas-
iness as the hours of that night passed slow-
ly away. Mrs. Arnold was with him at
his quarters in the Robinson House, hav-
ing arrived from Philadelphia a few days
before, with her infant, a child of six
months.

As was usual with him, Washington
rose early, and with his friends was in his
saddle before the dawn of day. When
within a mile of Arnold's residence, he
turned towards the river to examine the
works there. Lafayette reminded him of
his engagement, and hinted that Mrs. Ar-
nold might be waiting breakfast.

'Ah, Marquis!' said he, 'you young
men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. I
see you are eager to be with her as soon
as possible. Go you and breakfast with
her and tell her not to wait for me. I
must ride down and examine the redoubts
on this side of the river, but will be with
her shortly.'

Lafayette and Knox accompanied Wash-
ington, and Hamilton proceeded to the
Robinson House, and, as Washington re-
quested, sat down to breakfast with the
family. It was an eventful meal for Ar-
nold. Ere it was finished a horseman alight-
ed and privately informed him that Andre
was captured and the papers found in his
boots were forwarded to Washington.—
Guilty man! what remained then for him
but instant flight! He beckoned Mrs. Ar-
nold to their chamber, and told her in bur-
ied language that he was a ruined man
and must fly for his life. The poor wo-
man fell senseless to the floor. Arnold
hurried down and dispatched the messen-
ger who had just brought him the ill-tid-
ings to her assistance. Then he excused
himself politely to his guests, saying that
he must hasten to the fort to prepare for a
proper reception of Washington. This
black lie uttered, he sprang into the mes-
senger's saddle, and with fear spurring him
onward, and infamy howling after him, he
ran his perilous race, and was soon safe on
board the Vulture, a British ship of war,
in the river. None need covet his future
happiness.

See his sad wife as she slowly comes
back to the life she loathes. Where now
are the dreams she cherished of the honor
and fame of her husband? Where the
path of glory she was to tread by his side?
Where the shouts of the multitude who de-
lights to do him honor. Gone! gone!—
all the hopes of girlhood, so brilliant with
the roseate hues of morning. Gone, all
the aspirations of her womanhood, and the
untarnished name she hoped to leave as a
legacy to her child.

She gave herself up to the deepest grief
and there was none to comfort her. Her
friends were in another State, she and her
child were at the mercy of the country
that her husband had just abandoned.—
Washington had an interview with her
soon after he had learned what had hap-
pened, and was convinced that she was in-
nocent of any previous knowledge of her
husband's guilt. This interview is touch-
ingly described by Hamilton, who was pres-
ent. We quote his own language:

'She for a time entirely lost herself.—
She upbraided Washington with being in a
plot to murder her child. One moment
she raved, another she melted into tears.
Sometimes she pressed her infant to her

bosom and lamented its fate, occasioned by
the imprudence of its father, in a manner
that would have pierced insensibility it-
self. All the sweetness of beauty, all the
loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness
of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother,
showed themselves in her appearance and
conduct.'

Once safe in the British ranks, Arnold
wrote to Washington, asking his protec-
tion for his wife and child.

'I ask no favor for myself,' said he,
'but from the known humanity of your
Excellency, I ask your protection for Mrs.
Arnold, from every insult and injury that
a mistaken vengeance of my country may
expose her to. It ought only to fall on
me; she is as good and innocent as an
angel, and as incapable of doing wrong. I
beg she may be permitted to return to her
friends in Philadelphia, or come to me, as
she may choose; from your Excellency I
have no fears on her account, but she may
suffer from the mistaken fury of the coun-
try.'

His fears for his wife were ground-
less. There was no heart or hand in
America base enough to injure his guiltless
wife. She was deservedly popular every-
where. The officers treated her with the
utmost kindness and delicacy, and nowhere
is Washington's humanity shown more
conspicuously than a brief note to her when
he found that the fugitive was really be-
yond his reach. He assured her that he
had done everything in his power for the
arrest of her husband, but not having suc-
ceeded, he experienced a pleasure in in-
forming her of his safety. Who but the
peerless Washington could have penned
such a note in such an hour? How void
of honor Arnold must have become to have
forsaken such a chief!

Not long did Mrs. Arnold remain at
West Point. Washington gave her a pass-
port, and she went to her friends in Phila-
delphia. She had left then but a short
time before bright and happy; she now
came to them stricken with grief, and
weary of life. Our American forests were
clad in their gorgeous Indian summer robes
but little heeded the weary traveler the
beauties which nature had thrown so lav-
ishly around. She nestled her fair head
once more on the bosom of her parents, re-
solving to live and die in the home of her
childhood, with those whom she could
trust—who had never yet deceived her.—
She could no longer reverence or respect
her husband; he had blasted every hope
of her life; and could she love him still?
Ask those who, like her, had trusted their
all of human happiness or misery to the
keeping of one whom they regarded as lit-
tle less than an angel, and have been like-
wise deceived. Alas! for woman's heart
in such an hour of trial, when the undis-
guised truth is fully revealed.

But Mrs. Arnold was denied the only
boon she craved. She was not allowed to
remain with her friends. The Executive
Council of Pennsylvania believed her to be
a participant in her husband's guilt, and
ordered her to leave the State within four-
teen days, and never return again during
the continuance of the war. Her friends
exerted themselves to the utmost to revoke
the decree. She gave her word and writ-
ten promise not to write to her husband
nor receive letters from him without show-
ing them to the Council. But they were
inexorable. There was no alternative then
but to join her husband in New York.

Again she took her pilgrim staff, and
went forth from the parental roof, passing
through villages where the name of Ben-
edict Arnold was hissed, and a by-word in
every mouth, and his office was being
dragged through the streets, and burned
at the stake, but no one harmed her. She
arrived at nightfall where such prepara-
tions were going on to burn his effigy, but
the people learned that she was in their
midst, and they quietly went their way,
waiting for another evening to display their
vengeance, when the weary sojourner had
passed on in peace.

At the close of the war she accompanied
her husband to England, a changed and
sorrowful woman. She never regained her
former cheerfulness, but we are told that
her charms and her virtues won her friend-
ship and sympathy and helped to sustain
the position of her husband who was gen-
erally slighted and sometimes insulted.

She did not feel at home in the strange
land; her heart yearned for her native
clime, and she longed to look once more into
the faces of her kindred and to receive again
a parent's blessing. Her husband finally
consented that she should visit her friends.
Alone she crossed the ocean in one of the
slow sailing vessels of those days, and
again she slept beneath the home roof. Her
relations and friends greeted her cordially,
but such was the hatred of every true heart-
ed American to her husband, that the cold-
ness of her acquaintances chilled her to the
heart. When about to re-embark for
England, she assured her friends that she
could never come again.

She never again looked on the green
hills of her native land, but found a grave
for her early friends to shed a tear up-
on her lowly resting place. She died in
London, eleven years after her visit to the
United States.

The morning sun of her life arose in
brightness and beauty, no cloud obscured
its mid-day brilliancy, but its setting was
amidst darkness and storms, till she re-
joiced to know—come up higher!—was the
gentle summons of the Master, and we trust
she lives where there is no more sin or
treachery, but all is purity and peace.

"Avenge Ellsworth."

BY ELLEN.

"Avenge! Avenge his death!"
Flies by on every breath.
Of a ringing air that touches Northern hills,
Rouses the crowded town,
Falls from the grey clouds down,
And murmurs in the gush of waves and rills.

Avenge, we may not stay
For faltering, cold delay,
We may not pass it over or forget;
But surely as the red
Proclaims the dawn of retribution,
We'll pay the great, retributive debt.

Not the assassin's aim
Alone shall hear the blame
Hate not the murderer's dust, how'er defiled,
But they shall bear the guilt
By whom this blood was spilt,
Whose words the South to treason's work beguiled.

Then for the patriot's sake
A noble vengeance take,
Such vengeance as the angels may repeat,
With high self sacrifice,
With loss of what ye prize,
Give to the maddened South a vengeance meet.

Give her the liberty
She will not ask or see,
Which yet shall gladden her with blessings high,
Give her the destiny
That waits upon the free,
Whose promise she has passed unheeded by.

Avenge, aye bless her land
With law's controlling hand
Impartial in its punishment or care,
So your revenge shall be
Most high, most gloriously,
Told without shame upon the Northern air.

Tiger Chased by Baboons.—The follow-
ing account of a tiger chase is extracted
from the North Lincoln Sphinx, a regimental
paper published at Graham's Town,
New South Wales. The writer, after al-
luding to his sporting experiences, of all
kinds, and in all quarters of the globe, de-
clares that he never witnessed so novel or
so intensely exciting a chase as that about
to be described:

Not long ago I spent a few days at Fort
Brown, a small military post on the Banks
of the Great Fish River, where my friend
W. was stationed. One evening as my
friend and I were returning home after a
somewhat fatiguing day's buck shooting,
we were startled by hearing the most ex-
traordinary noise ever known in the
regions had been unchained, and were
amusing ourselves by trying to frighten
our poor mortals by their hoarse yelling.—
We stood in breathless expectation, not
knowing what could possibly be the cause
of this diabolical row, with all sorts of
strange conjectures flashing through our
minds. Nearer and nearer the yelling and
screaming approached, and presently the
cause became visible to our astonished
eyes. Some three or four hundred yards
to our right, on the brow of a small hill,
a spotted leopard (commonly called in this
country a tiger, though much smaller than
the lord of the Indian jungles) came in
view, bounding along with all the energy
and speed of despair, while close behind
him followed an enormous pack of baboons,
from whose throat proceeded the demoni-
cal sounds that had, a few seconds before,
so startled us. Our excitement in the
chase, as you may suppose, was intense.
On went the tiger, making for the river,
the baboons following like avenging demons
and evidently gaining ground upon their
nearly exhausted foe, though their exal-
tant yells seemed each moment to increase
his terror and his speed. They reached
the stream, the tiger still a few yards in
advance, and with a tremendous bound, he
cast himself into its muddy waters and
made for the opposite bank. The next
moment his pursuers, in admirable con-
fusion, were struggling after him, and as the
tiger, now fearfully exhausted, clambered
on the land again, the largest and strong-
est of the baboons (the old, the very young,
and the weakly) were struggling in the
water.

In a few moments all had passed from
our sight behind the brow of the opposite
bank; but their increased yelling, now sta-
tionary behind the hill, told us that the
tiger had met his doom, and that their strong
arms and jaws were tearing him limb from
limb. As the evening was far advanced,
and we were still some miles from home,
we did not cross the river to be in at the
death; but next morning, a few bones and
scattered fragments of flesh and skin show-
ed what had been the tiger's fate. On our
return home we were told by some Dutch
gentleman that such hunts are not uncom-
mon when a tiger is rash enough to attack
the young baboons, which often happens.
All these creatures for miles around assem-
ble and pursue their enemy with relentless
fury to his death. Sometimes the chase
lasts for days; but invariably closes with
the destruction of the tiger—a striking in-
stance that the idea of retribution is not
confined to man alone.

The largest catarract in the world is Ni-
agra Falls, where, in a stream three quar-
ters of a mile wide, the waters of the great
lakes plunge a hundred and sixty feet.

The largest cave—the Mammoth Cave
in Kentucky, where you can make a voyage
on a subterranean river, and catch fish with
your eyes—the nose 'having it' entirely.

Robin Music.

BY JACOB.

'Twas early morn', and I was dreaming,
Pleasant dreams—just half asleep—
When a little white-robed figure
Did across my pillow creep;
Kissed me first my lips and forehead,
With the sweetest fond caress,
Then a tiny thumb and finger
On my eyes he gently pressed;
Bending lower then to rouse me,
Open wide he pulled the lid,
'Wake up, mamma; hear the birdsie,'
That's what Charlie said and did.

And I woke to look and listen—
Listen, just at break of day,
To a bird that sang the sweetest,
Wildest, clearest, roundelay:
Sang it, too, tho' chill and piercing
Blew the North wind all around,
And the snow, in fleecy patches,
Dotted o'er the frozen ground.
Not a speck of blue above him,
Not a ray of warmth had he,
Perched upon the leafless branches
Of the fallen maple tree!

'Tell me, mamma, what he's singing;
What does Robin Red-breast say?'
But I listened till the songster
Left his perch and flew away;
Then I told the white-robed darling,
Which above my pillow bent,
'That's a piece of music, Charlie,
Which the robins call 'Content'.

Though his notes he will not lend you,
Still if you'll attentive hear,
From the sweet musician, Charlie,
You can catch the song by ear.
Robin has no shoes and stockings,
Has no cap upon his head—
Nothing but his coat of feathers,
And his little waistcoat red.
Has no cosy bed or blankets,
Yet you hear him early rise,
Only for his life and freedom,
That sweet song of grateful praise.

And since you have every blessing,
By a loving Father sent,
Won't you learn this piece of music—
Robin's song of sweet 'Content'?

A Fretful Toad.—A toad used to live
under a stone beside the brook. He was
a pety fat toad, and got along in the
world as well as toads generally do. One
day he went out to find something to eat,
and hopping out among the green leaves
by the creek's side, he heard a rustle
among the leaves. He said to himself,
'What a beautiful creature! I'll be quiet
and catch him.' So he crept along
till he got to it, and stuck out his tongue
to get him; but it happened to be a hum-
ble bee! He dropped it like a hot coal,
and had to cry out in the way toads cry,
and hop back to his hole under the stone.
He suffered with the pain, and his tongue
swelled up, and he was obliged to lie by
for two or three days. Hopping back to
his home, he plucked a leaf of the plantain,
and took it home for his medicine, and put
it in his mouth to cure the sting of the
bee. He stayed at home for two or three
days, and began to get hungry, and poor
and lean. As he hopped along, he came
under the leaf of a plantain, and being very
tired and hungry, he stopped under the
leaf, and looking up, said, 'O, what a nice
time you plantains have! I should like to
change places. Toads have a hard life.'

The plantain said, 'Friend toad, I should
like to change, too. I don't see what
toads have to complain of. I think they
must have a fine time of it.'

'Let me tell you,' said the toad. 'In
the first place, we have to work for our
living, and often, when we think we are
going to have a beetle, we get a humble-
bee. Then, again, in winter time we get
frozen up, when some of the boys come
along and stone us, and the crows pick us
up; isn't that trouble? While you plantains
have just to sit by the river, and don't
have to work. I should like to
change places with you.'

'Stop; let me tell you my side,' cried
the plantain. 'We cannot hop about as
you can, but have to stop where we are
put. If we want a drink of water, we
can't go to the creek and get it. We can't
move an inch to go and see the world and
visit our next neighbor. Then, the sun
shines hot all day, and we have to bear it,
and can't hop under a cool leaf as you do.
Then, by-and-by, comes along a cow and
nips off our head, or a little worm, and
eats into our heart, and we have not power
to shake him off. I should like to
change places with you. You take mine
and I will yours; for I am so anxious to
hop down to the creek and get a drink.'

'Stay, stay,' cried the toad, 'I hear a
cricket. Let me get it!' and off he went,
after the cricket, and he never came
back.

So it appears everybody does have tri-
als; and the only right way of getting
along is not to wish ourselves somebody
else, and fret ourselves because we are not,
but contentedly bear our lot, and be satis-
fied with what God has given us.

If God will be so good that He will give
you a crown of glory without your asking
for it, then He is so good that He will
give you a harvest without your being at
the trouble of sowing, and bread without
your being at the trouble of working.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1779.

Of the Royalists, about 30 or 40 of the
principal men with their families and ef-
fects, embarked in the fleet, and a large
portion of the negro slaves, being offered
their liberty, by so doing, also embarked
in the fleet. The north battery was lev-
elled and the platform on which the guns
had been mounted were burnt. The build-
ing at Brenton's Point, and the Light
house on Beaver's Tail, were burnt on the
day of the evacuation, but the buildings at
Fort George were spared. The forage
collected in the forage yard was left un-
molested, and a number of horses belonging
to the army were left behind. On the morn-
ing of Monday the 25th of October, procla-
mation was made requiring the inhabitants
to keep within their own houses during the
day, on pain of death for disobedience.

The troops commenced their march the
same morning, and continued leaving the
town the whole day, as fast as they ar-
rived at Brenton's Point they were em-
barked on board the ships—which when
completed, the fleet, about sunset, all got
under way bound for New York. In the
evening the inhabitants left their houses,
once more to breathe the air of freedom,
and during the night, and the following
day, a number of soldiers who had secured
themselves, and staid behind, came out
from their hiding places. The American
troops which had been stationed in Tiver-
ton and Bristol, finding the fleet had sail-
ed, came on to the island, and marched in-
to the town, the morning after the depart-
ure of the fleet.

The whole of the Town, and Provoost
records, and files of papers from the Town
Clerk's office, were taken away and put on
board one of the ships for New York.

Tradition ascribes this act to Joseph
Wanton, Jr., superintendent of Police, who,
as was supposed, intended to hold them as
a rod over the Colony and Town, and use
it as occasion might afterwards offer, for
his own benefit or that of his immediate
friends.

The vessel in which those records were
shipped was sunk in Hell Gate, with the
records etc., on board;—no such accident
they were nearly destroyed, having
laid a long time under water. They were
afterwards restored but in so damaged a
condition that but little can be gleaned
from them.

Additional particulars respecting the oc-
cupancy of the Island by the King's forces.

Capt. John Cahoone, Master of the U.
S. Revenue cutter Vigilant—at that time
—being in the year 1829, over seventy
years of age—but possessed of an unim-
paired mind, clear and intelligent—and an
uncommonly retentive memory, related to
the author of these memoirs the following
additional particulars, viz:—

That the Town of Newport was first
taken possession of by the British, in the
following manner. The Transport ship
William Henry with the 22d Regiment on
board, came down to the Long Wharf the
same day the main army landed in Mid-
dletown. The Town Council had con-
vened and were then sitting in the State
House. Capt. C. was standing, with many
others, near the Granary at the foot of the
Parade. The Adjutant, Hanfield by name,
came up the Long Wharf and met William
Wanton, at the Main street. Wanton thus
addressed him: 'Is this Col. Campbell?'
answer was 'Not!—but an express from
Colonel Campbell!'—Hanfield enquired of
Wanton, who commanded the station? and
was answered that there were no troops or
military commander here. Wanton then
waited on the officer to the State
House, to introduce him to the Town
Council. He returned soon and went down
the Long Wharf, when the Regiment com-
manded by Col. Campbell, immediately
landed and marched into the town.

The civil, and town government, being
wholly at an end, all power was merged in
the commanding General, and military law,
and that alone, established.

Empty private houses were taken posses-
sion of as Barracks, without consent of the
owners—and a committee of citizens, of the
Royal party, appointed to make a list of
every house in every street in town, stating
its number of inmates and capacity, when
the number of officers or soldiers was as-
signed to be quartered in each house, upon
the inhabitants, which then occupied it, as-
signing to the former occupant a very nar-
row accommodation, and the remainder for
the soldiers.

The Commander of Artillery claimed and
took away, and sent to New York, all the
bells from the houses of public worship,
except that of Trinity Church, and the
stills and worms from the Still house, of
such as left the town before the army took
possession. This property was never re-
stored to its former owners. The meeting
houses—except Trinity Church and the
Sabbatarian meeting house—were convert-
ed into riding schools and hospitals. The
State House was also used as a hospital.
The Redwood Library was thrown open,
and free, and thereby lost many of its val-
uable books, and had considerable injury
done to the building.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1861.

The news of the week from Europe, is not altogether of an unimportant character. A courier is stated to have reached Warsaw, bearing imperial decrees granting reforms to Poland. And what is much more to the purpose, these Russian reforms are said to consist of such concessions as will be satisfactory to Russian Poland. Such a result would give most important testimony as to the power of passive resistance in recovering the enjoyment of political rights. The sentiments of a people when resolutely held and peacefully maintained, are sometimes at least a more efficient safeguard of their rights, than any security which they can possibly derive from the precarious use of arms. And no people should ever despair of justice, while they have sufficient resolution to cherish the sentiments which justice demands of the whole world to support. This is the stronghold of freedom; and when this shall be lost, all worth preserving will be lost. And against this stronghold, the most aggressive tyrants uniformly direct their most powerful batteries. Their greatest concern is, not so much to prevent action, as to suppress, what is a more valuable privilege, the privilege of thinking.

And in addition to the news from Poland, the statement in the *Patrie* and also in the *Moniteur* of Paris, that diplomatic relations are about to be renewed between France and the Court of Turin, is of great importance. The result of the negotiations, as estimated by those journals, and no doubt upon an official basis, "will be the recognition de facto of the Italian Kingdom," including the provinces and States recently annexed, by voluntary association and otherwise in some measure perhaps, to the republican dominions of VICTOR EMANUEL. In this recognition, however, France will be expressing any opinion in relation to the Roman or Neapolitan claims. It seems to have been thought enough, that this wonderful change in Italy should have been brought about under favor of the French principle of non-intervention;—and that may be when neutrality is better adapted to the accomplishment of a particular purpose, than would be an open and avowed co-operation. And it is more than intimated, that a like policy of implicit neutrality and of eventual recognition will be pursued by France in relation to the civil dissension now prevailing in America.

That the petition of subjugated Poland should be considered and answered by despotic Russia, that the various States of Italy should be relieved from the galling yoke of many tyrants, and that Italian Union should have kept a counter step to American disunion, are perhaps the most remarkable events of the last year, and may challenge all history for anything of the kind more remarkable. When autocrats become liberal, will the peoples become despotic? Either disposition is as natural to one as to the other; and power only is wanting to either to prove the prevailing disposition. And the events of the times show, that there is no uniformity in the sentiments of Princes or of peoples. What at one time is approved, will at another time be very likely to be rejected. No great wonder then, that what at one time is rejected should at another be approved. The spirit of progress and the spirit of reaction are seen to be fitful. How else can the return of the Dominican republicans to the embrace of monarchial principles be satisfactorily explained? Will it be said, that the Dominicans belong to a race doomed to serve, and therefore that they are not an example in point? For a people would it be for mankind, if such a mistake had never been made by a superior race.

But regret the circumstance as we may, that the inhabitants of St. Domingo should be annexed to Spain, no fault should be found perhaps with the fact, if they have actually chosen to place themselves under the control of that monarchy. Every people should have the right to choose their own rulers, upon American principles, and upon the principles of the most liberal governments of Europe. But if the condition of the United States had been different at the present time, no doubt Spanish would have been made to prevent Spain from taking advantage of a supposed opportunity to take advantage of a popular reaction. European governments will not be inclined to interfere. They will submit to the popular decision of any people on this continent, whenever that decision shall contribute anything to the aggrandizement of European nations; but not otherwise. If Canada shall choose to be loyal to Great Britain, Canada will receive the protection of the mother country. But if Canada shall revolt and claim independence, Great Britain will not acknowledge any such claim, without making more or less resistance. And though Canada has the right and perhaps the power to shape her own destiny, yet Great Britain would fight to retain that appendage in subjection, and if for nothing else as a basis of operation against the United States whenever it should be needed.

This time for a calm discussion of our national troubles appears to be approaching;—and this sign of the times is altogether more favorable to the restoration of peace, than any military preparation or military success which has yet been achieved. Many things have happened indeed which could not fail to embitter the feelings of the people on each side of this civil dissension; still peace is admitted on all hands to be desirable, if peace can be settled between the parties upon a suitable basis. The mass of the people is not yet in such a ferment of excitement perhaps, as to forbid the hope of an adjustment of differences and return of the rebellions to loyalty. To what other result can we say, whether long or short in duration, be supposed to lead? The glory of any can be won in this unnatural strife, must consist in securing what is right for the whole country. A wrong principle in this case as in every other can only prevail for a limited time, because a wrong principle is constantly working its own overthrow. The more successful it shall become for a season, the more remarkable will be its downfall in the end. Power is a misfortune to any one not founded upon right principles; and the greater the power, the greater the misfortune. This is especially the case among a thinking and a free people. Arms may be employed for a longer or shorter period, but they will settle nothing unless they settle principles. The contest must end, if ever, as it began,—not in the use of arms, but of arguments. Nationality is a voluntary sentiment, and not the result of compulsion. And, under this conviction, the public opinion, as expressed in Congress and in other legislative bodies, may be of vastly greater importance than any interference to be drawn from a mosque on the battle-field. The whole framework of political organization in America must be changed, before force, as one of its principles will be consistent with the rest as a paramount consideration. Till then, it will only be a patch of war cloth upon an old garment, making the rent worse, unless indeed the Union should be changed into a Monarchy, and the States into colonies for the sake of consistency and uniformity.

The sun has rose and set upon the 85th Anniversary of American Independence. The day has been celebrated with all the pomp and show befitting the occasion, and in such a manner as to indicate that the freedom of America still appreciates the sacred compact entered into by our Forefathers which secured liberty and freedom to a down-trodden people. The day found the country in a condition differing greatly from that of any preceding recurrence of our great National day. It found instead of a united people striving to follow up the benefits which industry, frugality and peace had furnished to the country, more than five hundred thousand freemen in arms, ready to sacrifice their lives for the maintenance of the principles which they are devoted to. In the loyal States the time was appropriate for setting forth in glowing colors the deeds of noble men of old and swearing anew our allegiance to the Constitution and the Union, while in many of the rebellious States the day was not by legal authority acknowledged, and instead of showing fidelity and honesty to the Government, black-hearted treason was being extended.

The celebration in this city was grand and imposing in comparison with former occasions. The day was fine and our citizens joined in the festivities with spirits light and jubilant, each striving to set well his part to add to the occasion. At 8 o'clock the various companies and societies commenced marching through the streets on their way to join the procession which was formed and ready to start at 9 o'clock precisely. The various bodies which had received invitations responded by sending full delegations, and thus extending the line of procession to a very respectable length.

The exercises at the church were interesting and we have no words but those of praise to utter in respect to that portion of the day's festivities, and much credit is due to WILLIAM D. LAKE, Esq., who acted as master of ceremonies. Miss MATTIE BRIGHTMAN, as organist, gained the commendation of all, as she is sure to do whenever her talents are shown to the public. Mr. VICKERY sang the piece "Hurrah for Rhode Island," in clear and musical tones and with a stronger voice than we have ever before heard him. Mrs. COTY's execution of "Star Spangled Banner" was grand, the words being so distinctly spoken and stress laid upon such as were particularly applicable at this time. The Philharmonic Society of which these were members, were present in full numbers and joined in swelling the grand choruses. Rev. Mr. MALCOM addressed the throne of grace with much fervor and sincerity of heart, appealing to Him who ruleth all things, to guide the destinies of our own happy land that fraternal wars and civil dissensions may be no more, but peace and human freedom be vouchsafed to us forever and ever.

It was generally conceded that no previous one had ever discharged the duties of Reader better than ERNEST GOFF, Esq. He has a clear voice and the declarations promulgated by our Forefathers were recited with commendable tact.

The Oration, by HENRY JAMES, Esq., was a masterly production showing deep thought and a large comprehensive view of all things appertaining to national characteristics. The peculiarities of the English character in comparison with the American, gave him an opportunity to give such conclusions as were afforded by a two years residence in England. The language used in giving vent to his thoughts on England was unnecessarily harsh, while a selfish feeling of nationality seemed to throw a film over his eyes, respecting our own country. There was no middle ground, for while he could only see that which was grand and sublime, almost perfection in the English character, he was every where detestable and offensive in England. His remarks in regard to our country's troubles were well received, and his views more liberal than was anticipated. Throughout the address he commanded the attention of the vast assembly as the originality of his ideas produced a feeling of anticipation which public speakers are not always successful in attaining.

Owing to a domestic affliction, Hon. WILLIAM M. ROSSMAN was unable to deliver the Poem, to the great regret of all his fellow townsmen. The services at the church were concluded at about 12 o'clock, when the procession was reformed and marched to the Parade where it dismissed.

At 12 o'clock a national salute was fired from the harbor. In the afternoon the arrangements were conducted as we intimated last week, the companies parading through the First Ward; the Major playing in Town Park; Review by the Major General; Salutes; Dress Parade, and conclusion of the celebration by a parade by all the military, under command of Col. PATRICK, through the center of Col. SWAN.

Thus closed the day, with nothing to mar the ceremonies, but a happy unity of feeling between the military and between the freemen, and between all who in any way participated in the festivities.

There were many occasions which came to our notice where private hospitality was shown, which it would not be expedient to mention, but there is one exception which we shall make. Happening in at the Atlantic House about 8 o'clock, we found seated at the well-spread table the Newport Rifles, a company of about twenty-five young men, commanded by Capt. FRANK LAWTON, Jr. They seemed to be enjoying the occasion to the full, and anticipating their every desire. About 9 o'clock a party of gentlemen were entertained at the same high-souled landlord. It is pleasing to this notice these acts of kindness, and there is none who should possess these peculiar traits more than those who care for the public. It is evident that if a man is naturally of this liberal disposition those who rely upon him for their comforts will not be deceived and we are glad that the proprietors of the Fillmore, Atlantic and Ocean Houses are men of this stamp.

One of the pleasantest features of the 4th of July celebration in this vicinity was the presentation ceremonies of a beautiful silk flag by the ladies of Middletown, to the Arnold Guard. The musical portion was under the direction of Prof. TOURNER, who was ably assisted by the fair daughters of Middletown, as well as by a number of our citizens. The presentation address by Miss KATE GOULD, daughter of the Major-General, was uttered with true womanly grace, and had we space, we would be pleased to publish the sentiments so beautifully expressed. The response was by Capt. HOWLAND, of the Guards, who, after thanking his fair donors for the gift, admonished his command to sincerely preserve and protect it, and as far as in their power allow no spot in our country which a star or stripe represents, to be ruled by rebels. Lieut. Governor ARNOLD then followed in some interesting historical remarks, which were appropriate to the day and occasion. The Guards are now uniformed, and under the tuition of Mr. Wm. H. STANHOPE, are perfecting themselves in drill. They received the Lieut. Governor with a salute and also the Major-General, the 4-pound field-pieces of the Newport Artillery having been procured for the occasion.

Dear Mercury:—

Under ordinary circumstances, when nothing unusual intervenes to interrupt the customary routine of life, the majority of the human family live in total disregard of the fact, that there is an overruling Providence that governs all things; a Providence, whose ends and aims cannot be controverted. But when misfortune comes, and destruction and death stares us in the face, how soon we are willing to admit that there is a God—an all-wise and a good Being to whom we can appeal for help, when reason teaches that our own human efforts require the aid of something more than flesh and blood to extricate us from difficulty. That such is the fact, we have more than ordinary proof in our own country at the present moment. In the reign of the North we find a larger proportion of praying men than perhaps were ever congregated in an equal number of soldiers before. While prayer to Almighty God for our country and our troops are offered almost continually, in the rebellious States, too, we see frequent notices of appeals to the same God in their behalf, and although their soldiers, we have reason to believe, place almost entire reliance on their own vain-glorious prowess for success, it is, no doubt, the part of wisdom to call into requisition all the energies of man, and then feeling the justice of our cause to invoke the Divine aid and blessing. Thus armed for the conflict, we cannot be beaten. In the words of Scripture, "If God be with us, who shall prevail against us?" But prayer, to be efficacious, must be made in a spirit of entire resignation. There must be no misgivings as to the justice of our cause, and in our hearts must be the feeling, "not our will, but Thine, be done." Can it be possible that such is the spirit of the prayers of the rebellious? Can it be possible that they can reconcile the many crying evils of slavery with the plain teaching of the Savior of man? Can it be possible that when they say "lead us not into temptation," they speak in earnest? Can it be possible that when they utter the ejaculation, "Hallowed be thy name," they put a fair interpretation on the command "Thou shalt not covet," "Thou shalt not oppress." We fear not. And although we hope and pray that we may not possess the spirit of the Pharisee, we cannot but think the Southern prayers are in most cases dictated by an improper spirit. The fear of discomfiture, rather than a sense of the justice of the cause and pious resignation to the Divine will. To appearances, their prayers are engendered by a spirit of dictation rather than of submission. They desire to despoil us of our right to participate with them in directing the future destiny of the Slave States, when several of them were acquired by the united efforts of the nation, and still further secured to it by the aid of vast sums of money from time to time, as occasion required, not an insignificant part of which expenditure is of quite recent date. Confident that their plans were so deeply laid, so systematically arranged, and so far matured by the aid of the possession of the Government, that a successful issue was a moral certainty, they have one after another taken steps from which they cannot well recede, and now, when as if fate had so ordained, they find they have made a miserable failure and are driven to desperation, they call on their fellow slave holders for sympathy and aid. In response to this call they have been partially successful, owing to the prejudice and short-sightedness of man. But when they call on the living God, and so come in contact with infinite wisdom and justice, there the merits of each case will eventually meet its due reward, then the free States can safely rest their case, and trusting in that God whose overruling Providence is so plainly marked in the past century of the nation, and look to him for the result of our efforts, to maintain the integrity of our much favored land and the perpetuation of our civil and religious liberty, in which the citizens of every nation and clime can participate. We have good reason both to fight and pray, in so good a cause.

The *Opinions Nationales* of Paris, with respect to the Dominican question, indicates that France, however it may be with England, is not indifferent to the fate of the African population on the island of Hayti or St. Domingo. This was to be expected, as already intimated some weeks ago in our remarks upon the subject. The proceeding is regarded by that Journal, in a general point of view, as very important; and it says, that the government of the United States has protested against the re-incorporation of the Dominican Republic with the Spanish Monarchy. And what is rather remarkable, is the jealousy manifested by the French of the increase of Spanish power in that quarter. Holding Cuba and Porto Rico, and now annexing two-thirds of Hayti, Spain might aspire to supremacy in the Gulf of Mexico, and be in a condition to act unfavorably upon Venezuela and Central America,—and be able in consequence to control the isthmus of Panama, which is likely to become the most important transit in the world. But it is not merely in a national and political point of view, that the rest of Europe looks upon the aggrandizement of Spain on this continent and its adjacent islands and waters. Attention is given also to the experiment of a most interesting nature which has been made in the Dominican and Haytian republics of the capability of the African race for self-government. Both have had a fair opportunity for the enjoyment of political freedom for many years. Shall it now be admitted to have been a failure? This question is discussed in a pamphlet entitled, "French and European interests in St. Domingo." Are, then, the Africans less capable than the people in other quarters of the world of knowing the difference between free and arbitrary institutions? Or knowing the difference, is it their nature to choose subjection to independence? Sometimes they appear not to value their freedom, while they cling to their loss with the greatest pertinacity. They may be as likely to fight for their masters, as for their liberators, and even more likely, if they prefer subjection to freedom.

Our government cannot assist them at present. They must therefore be left to the protection of Europe, or go unprotected.

As a part of the news of the week, we have to announce the appointment of Postmaster at this place, in the person of THOMAS COGGESWELL, Esq., of the firm of T. & J. COGGESWELL. This office for the past four years has been filled by JAMES ATKINSON, Esq., of the *Advertiser*, and we have every reason to believe that he has conducted the office in such a manner as to afford universal satisfaction. Under the present peculiar circumstances we had entertained the hope that so efficient an agent as Mr. ATKINSON has proved himself to be, would have been retained in office. But it is absolutely necessary that the Postoffice should be re-warded, the change is probably in favor of the liberal minded a man as the party officers. We congratulate friend COGGESWELL on the successful issue of his efforts and trust he will make an efficient Postmaster.

Don't forget that Gen. TOM TREMIE is in the city and wishes to see you this afternoon at 3 o'clock, or this evening at 7 o'clock.

After all, there does not appear to be anything like a mortal hostility against each other between the different sections of our common country, as it would be speaking in the extreme to be able again to graze in the American States. If anything of the kind really existed in the hearts of the thousands now arrayed for deadly combat, so many weeks would not have elapsed without striking a significant blow. Fear is not the cause of all this delay, for they are not cowards who would hesitate to meet the foes of their country. In case of invasion from abroad, these armies would be ready to shed their blood in defense of American Independence. And if the signs of the times are to be trusted with respect to the future, by waiting a little longer, they may have a good opportunity for showing the world that their own fellow-citizens are not the enemies against which it would most become them to contend. European governments are always watching for opportunities, and this civil dissension among our American States will afford them a better opportunity to interfere in the quarrel, than hitherto they have had any reason to expect. They are now neutral; but this mask of neutrality may be suddenly thrown off, and some of them may be already planning the recovery of their colonies at no distant day. France and Great Britain, as well as Spain, may be enabled, in the course of this hateful war, to take advantage of the Straits to which the people of North America shall be reduced, to re-annex to the parent countries more or less of the dependencies which they have lost. Great Britain may have reason to fear the loss of Canada, if the South should become independent of the North, because the North, in that case would naturally seek to enlarge her national limits by such an acquisition; and Canada might be more disposed than ever in such an event to unite her fortunes with States uniformly maintaining institutions similar to her own. Probably it was with a view to this possibility among others, that so large a military and naval force has been concentrated in these latitudes. Clearly that force is too large to be otherwise necessary so long as the declared policy of British neutrality shall be fully maintained.

On Monday evening a comet was discovered, and it came forth with so much brilliancy that it required no scientific gentleman to solve the nature of the object.

This magnificent comet was seen in great brilliancy on Tuesday evening by thousands, between nine and ten o'clock, remaining visible until three. Mr. BOX of the Cambridge Observatory says it has taken astronomer by surprise. The train extends over an arc of 100 degrees. It is not the expected comet of 1861 and 1862, or any other whose return has been anticipated.

Yesterday morning about nine o'clock, a red, white and blue balloon, fine high and twenty feet in circumference, descended on the farm of the late GEORGE W. PICKMAN, eastern part of Middletown. It was picked up and taken care of by the Ensign of the Arnold Guard, who is somewhat anxious to know whence it came, and who is the owner.

Among the many national emblems which were displayed yesterday for the first time, we noticed a large Revenue Flag floating from the Custom House, which we understand was procured from the private funds of Collector MACY, who has decided that all things in his department shall be in proper order.

We regret that our duties on the morning of the 4th were so numerous that we could not find an opportunity to be present at the raising of the Flag of Mercedes Company, No. 7, Capt. BURDICK, who we understand the ceremonies were very interesting.

Col. BURDICK PROMOTED.—It will be seen by a telegraphic dispatch in another column, that Col. Burdick of the First Rhode Island Regiment, has been appointed a Brigadier General. A more deserving and proper appointment has not been made since the war commenced. Col. Burdick is an educated soldier, and has seen enough of actual service to make him familiar with the dangers and responsibilities of military life in time of war. He is a good disciplinarian, and yet has always been very popular with those serving under him. By our First Rhode Island Regiment he is almost universally known by the name of "heart-whisperer," and his orders are obeyed only by the brave, and which soldiers, better than any other class of men, can appreciate. —*Press Post.*

The proceeding is regarded by that Journal, in a general point of view, as very important; and it says, that the government of the United States has protested against the re-incorporation of the Dominican Republic with the Spanish Monarchy. And what is rather remarkable, is the jealousy manifested by the French of the increase of Spanish power in that quarter. Holding Cuba and Porto Rico, and now annexing two-thirds of Hayti, Spain might aspire to supremacy in the Gulf of Mexico, and be in a condition to act unfavorably upon Venezuela and Central America,—and be able in consequence to control the isthmus of Panama, which is likely to become the most important transit in the world. But it is not merely in a national and political point of view, that the rest of Europe looks upon the aggrandizement of Spain on this continent and its adjacent islands and waters. Attention is given also to the experiment of a most interesting nature which has been made in the Dominican and Haytian republics of the capability of the African race for self-government. Both have had a fair opportunity for the enjoyment of political freedom for many years. Shall it now be admitted to have been a failure? This question is discussed in a pamphlet entitled, "French and European interests in St. Domingo." Are, then, the Africans less capable than the people in other quarters of the world of knowing the difference between free and arbitrary institutions? Or knowing the difference, is it their nature to choose subjection to independence? Sometimes they appear not to value their freedom, while they cling to their loss with the greatest pertinacity. They may be as likely to fight for their masters, as for their liberators, and even more likely, if they prefer subjection to freedom.

Rev. Gilbert Cummings, pastor of the Unitarian church at Westboro', who has been chosen commander in that town, is says the Worcester Spy, the seventh clergyman from that vicinity who has accepted a similar post of duty the present season.

A TAIL STANDER BEATEN.—Sergeant Harrington of the Burlington company, who has been selected as the standard bearer of the 2d Vermont regiment, stands six feet four and a half inches high. He will have no difficulty in showing his colors.

A FIGHT.—A meeting of the Seventh New York Regiment called for Monday evening, 24th ult., to take action in reference to securing to the seat of war, proved to be a battle, all the persons present, were one, considering that the meeting was called by an unorthodox person.

HOUSES AND WAGONS CONTRACTED FOR.—Three thousand houses and a corresponding number of wagons have been contracted for by the government, to be delivered at Washington within ten days. This looks like a preparation for advancing the war.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE EXPENDED \$136,962 in equipping the first two regiments and sending them to the seat of war. Future regiments will cost less, as they know how to do it now.

PROBES IN LONDON have just discovered their horror: that the ship-made jellies they have so liked are manufactured from parchment, which is itself made from every dust ground from old, well used fish-tail bones.

FORCE OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—The whole force of the regular British army is only about 140,000 men, not half as many as the State of New York could place in the field in ninety days.

COURT DRESS.—A Court dress in Europe consists of dark blue coat, cuffs and flaps embroidered in gold, white small clothes, white silk stockings, low shoes and a sword.

RELAY STAGE CONTRACTS.—It is said that the Government will soon issue proposals for the manufacture of four hundred thousand pairs of worsted hose for the use of the army.

THE GOVERNMENT OF SEVERAL WESTERN STATES have agreed to furnish a company of sharpshooters for the service of the Union, to be organized in New York.

May, Gen. John C. Fremont returned from Europe in the Europe and is now in Washington.

We imported last year twelve hundred thousand bags of coffee from Brazil, amounting in value to over sixteen millions of dollars.

FIFTEEN hundred dollars has been offered for the head of Lieut. Tompkins, whose charge through Fairfax the rebels remember, and one thousand dollars for his second lieutenant.

AN Erie N. Y. paper states that a company of volunteers numbers in its ranks four preachers and thirty-six soldiers.

Another gallant officer—this time from the New England Islands—has been killed. Commander James H. Ward was shot by a rebel shot from the rebels, while landing a force and erecting a battery at Matthias Point on the Potomac, on the 27th ult. This point was a most important one, as it commanded the channel of the river, and was the key to the whole of the Potomac position, when his forces were driven off by the rebels who assembled in large numbers, and he fell while covering the retreat of his men. According to the statement of persons in the expedition, Capt. Ward of the Freedom obtained from Capt. Ward of the Pawnee a reliable report of about twenty men, which united with those from his own vessel, made a force of about 30 or 40 in all, and started in several eights for Matthias Point. They took about 250 sand bags on shore, with which they erected a battery, and proceeded to begin the work of the day. Within an hour, William J. Beane, sailor, was wounded in four places, probably mortally. Several others were wounded, among them Jack Williams, coxswain, and the flag he carried was completely riddled. The men all were wounded, and the vessel was forced to retreat. A heavy retreat. Several swam to the Freedom. Captain Ward protected his men as far as possible with his gun, and had fired twelve or fifteen shots among the rebels, with what effect is not known, when he was struck in the breast by a rebel shot from the Pawnee, and died within an hour. William J. Beane, sailor, was wounded in four places, probably mortally. Several others were wounded, among them Jack Williams, coxswain, and the flag he carried was completely riddled. The men all were wounded, and the vessel was forced to retreat. A heavy retreat. Several swam to the Freedom. 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